

Tears, Flowing into Emptiness

The way he felt, driving
on that lonely dirt road
in late September.

Everyone had returned to sociality:
school, fall sports, the harvest gatherings.

This road, the only one he knew,
stretched out toward the limitless horizon
receding in the distance.

The broad valley opened wide.
He drove wordlessly, alone, thinking of her
as he neared the lush blue pastures
of harsh, empty sky.

Kenneth Garcia
1981